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John Carroll University

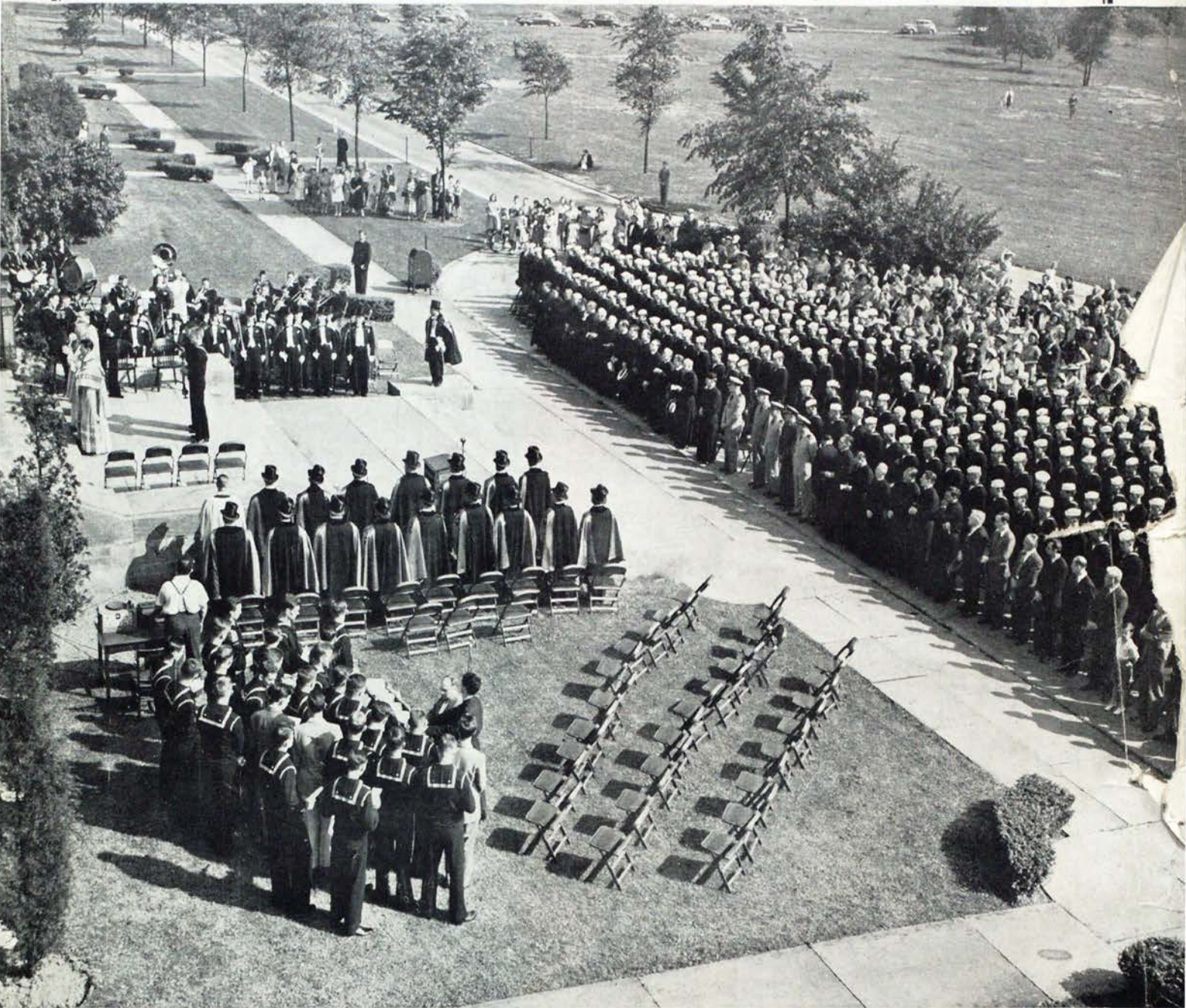
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CARROLL *News*



MEMORIAL DAY

Courtesy of Brumbach, Plain Dealer



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JUNE • 1944

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CARROLL NEWS

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

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VOLUME XXIV

CLEVELAND, OHIO • JUNE 1944

No. 10

The Fifth War Loan Drive

ASK ANY passerby and he'll tell you that this is OUR WAR; that our boys must be supported; that the danger of inflation is real; that war bonds are a good investment. We all know and admit these facts—then why don't we buy bonds willingly?

Can it be that the war has not yet reached the average American? Such an answer is scarcely credible, since there is virtually no American home without the familiar service star.

Why then is it, that each time our government proclaims a bond drive, we have to be sold on the idea? Why must troops of radio and picture stars stage gigantic bond rallies in order to persuade us to buy? Why must our press devote columns of valuable space to promoting the sale of bonds? We are obviously convinced that there must be bond sales, just as there must be casualties, if the war is to be won.

Our refusal to buy bonds, except grudgingly, is an indication of one of two things. Either we lack the intelligence to recognize their necessity, or we lack the good will to put the drives across. Since by our very actions we manifest our awareness to the necessity of war bonds it is obviously due to our lack of good will that bond drives are so difficult.

This refusal to co-operate may be indicative of a conditions we hesitate to admit—our refusal to recognize our moral obligation to support all the bond drives.

Here is the real selling point for war bonds. We have already admitted that our cause is just, by sending our sons to fight for it. By the same act we admit our duty to prosecute the war to a speedy and victorious conclusion. That means giving unstintingly of whatever we have, time, training, material wealth.

If we were a morally keen people, if our national conscience were not deadened by the opium of faulty rationalizations, we could never say "let George do it." If we were such a people there would be no need for these periodic bond drives, for the wealth of the nation would pour into the treasury of the nation in a never ending stream until complete victory.

It is to be hoped that we undergo this moral re-awakening soon, for until such time the success of our war bond drives will always be dependent upon the quality of sales talk used by the seller, rather than upon the principle behind the bonds.

A Year of V-12

ALL ORGANIZATIONS, and especially universities, tend to build up traditions. As years pass, certain dates marking milestones of progress come to be remembered. July 1, 1943, is such a date in the history of John Carroll. On that day, just one year ago, the first V-12 trainees made their appearance at J.C.U.

In the year that has passed, many changes have taken place. The coming of the navy has not left Carroll unaffected. Now, one year later, we can review that brief period and perhaps evaluate it.

The presence of the V-12 unit has helped Carroll preserve her pre-war traditions virtually intact. While it is true that many curtailments have had to be made, nevertheless thanks to the Navy, Carroll is substantially the same. More than that, the Navy unit has provided Carroll with the opportunity to render an important service to the nation. Carroll may well be proud of her work in preparing these trainees.

The individual men of the unit are worthy of the highest commendation for their splendid conduct here. Virtually to a man they have been courteous, co-operative, serious. They have applied themselves to their studies with a diligence, indicative of their grasp of the seriousness of our times. Always they have reflected honor upon the school, their officers, and themselves by their sterling conduct.

To the men who now leave Carroll we say—"God speed. Your stay here has not been unnoticed. You shall not be soon forgotten."

To the new arrivals we say—"Yours is a difficult task. You must live up to the high standards established for you by your predecessors. In the light of past experience, we know you will not be found wanting."

MEMORIAL DAY

1944

by Charles J. Tucker, USNR

A PROPER observance of Memorial Day has always played an important part in the activities of Carroll men. No more fitting tribute has ever been offered to those who gave their lives to ransom peace than that offered at Carroll this year.

The ceremony began late in the afternoon with the assembling of the three hundred and fifty members of the Navy V-12 Unit in formation on the drill field. Following the Carroll band, they marched with the snap of a well-drilled military outfit to the front of the School, where an altar had been erected for the celebration of a solemn high memorial Mass.

New Service Flag Displayed

High above the altar was a large service flag presented to the School by the Alumni showing Carroll's admirable record of 1,300 men in the service, and 21 dead. A large gilded crucifix hung in front of a blue backdrop behind the altar. The altar itself was the same one used in the National Eucharistic Congress held here in Cleveland several years ago. The panelling on the front of the altar displayed a cross, an anchor, and a heart, representing the virtues of faith, hope, and charity. With fine landscaping and the graceful Gothic building and architecture of the entrance to the administration building as a background, what had been merely the simplest of sanctuaries was transformed into a sanctuary as impressive as that in any cathedral.



"Do This in Memory of Me"

Band and Glee Club Participate

The band, under the direction of Mr. Jack Hearn, was seated to the right of the altar and played the processional, recessional, and background music for the ceremony. The Glee Club, conducted by Dr. Louis L. Balogh, sang the Mass.

Knights of Columbus Form Honor Guard

While the band played the processional, the three priests, dressed in shining gold vestments, preceded by a guard of honor, approached the altar. The guard of

Celebrant: Capt. Joseph L. Casey

The Choir

Preacher: Rev. Benedict J. Rodman, S.J.



Commemoration of the Living

"Remember, O Lord, Thy servants, men and women, N. and N. . . and all here present, whose faith and devotion are known to Thee, for whom we offer, or who offer to Thee, this sacrifice of praise, for themselves, their families and friends, for the redemption of their souls, for the hope of their salvation and safety, and who pay their vows to Thee, the eternal, living and true God."

Commemoration of the Departed

"Be mindful, O Lord of Thy servants and handmaids, N. and N. who are gone before us with the sign of faith and rest in the sleep of peace."

"To these, O Lord, and to all that rest in Christ grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light, and peace. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen."

— Prayers said during Mass.

honor was formed by members of the Knights of Columbus, with drawn swords, and in formal dress. Their black capes lined with brilliant red added color to an already picturesque setting.

District Chaplain is Celebrant

The Mass was celebrated by Captain Joseph T. Casey, Chief of Chaplains for the Ninth Naval District. Captain Casey, a native of Boston, came here especially for the service from his headquarters at Great Lakes, Illinois. The Rev. Clifford J. LeMay, S.J., auxiliary chaplain for the Navy Unit here at Carroll, acted as deacon. Lieutenant (j.g.) Lee Dempsey, a Navy chaplain home on leave, served as subdeacon. Master of ceremonies was the Rev. James A. McQuade, head of the department of religion at the University.

Father Rodman Delivers Address

The Rev. Benedict J. Rodman, S.J., former President of the University, and now pastor of Gesu Church, delivered the sermon entitled "This Is a Day of Sorrow and Pride."

"Men strive and theorize endlessly," said Father Rodman, "that we may avoid the chaos which we somehow feel will follow this war unless something vital and far-reaching is done to forestall it."

"The economic, social, and political problems are all of a piece, and all stem from one thing — the divorce of Christian ethics from the social and political life of men and nations."

The Congregation During the Gloria



Martial Airs by the Band

"These are times when it is literally asked of a man that he lose his life to save it. We hope for the best. But even if we knew that it would all end in defeat, it is the part of a Christian knight to fight, even against hope."

A prayer, written by a member of the Royal Australian Air Force, now missing in action, was read by Father Rodman in conclusion:

*The enemy I fight, I know
To thee is also dear,
But this I pray, be at my side
When Death is drawing through the sky;
Almighty God, who also died,
Teach me the way that I should die.*

Servicemen Receive Communion

Through a special privilege, service men are permitted to receive Communion in the afternoon. The hundred sailors receiving Communion while the guard of honor stood at attention with drawn swords was a most edifying spectacle.

A Fitting Climax to Ceremony

The service was concluded with the singing of the "Sailors' Hymn." The band played the recessional, and the sailors were dismissed. Thus ended Carroll's observance of Memorial Day; and to those to whom this ceremony was dedicated, may we say in the immortal words of Lincoln, "We hereby resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

The Communion



Presenting Bill Young, ex-Carroll Sport Star Former "chief" Young, now Ensign Young USNR

Ensign William J. Young, one of Carroll's "favorite sons," has once again made the grade. Better known as Chief Young, he has been an athletic chief petty officer here at Carroll since July of 1943 when the V-12 unit first arrived. He received his ensign's commission last month and will be sent to another station after the termination of his present leave, which he is spending with his parents in Vermilion, Ohio.



Ensign William J. Young

For the benefit of the very few who are not already aware of the fact, Ensign Young achieved considerable fame in sports activities while attending John Carroll from 1936 to 1940. He was born in Amherst, Ohio, December 8, 1919. At St. Ignatius he starred in football and basketball, captaining both teams, besides finding time for baseball. After making All-Scholastic in football, he climaxed three years of varsity football and basketball at Carroll by being selected captain of the Mid-West College All Stars, who played the Cleveland Rams in '39. The Big Four and All-Ohio crowns were awarded him in both his junior and senior years. The '38 team won the Ohio Conference and the '39 team, of which he was co-captain, won for Carroll its first Big Four Championship.

After his graduation in '40, he worked in the Industrial Relations Department of Republic Steel Co. In November, 1943, Ensign Young took his basic training at Norfolk, Virginia, then went to Bambridge, Maryland, before being assigned to Carroll.

Ensign Young will always live in the

hearts of Cleveland sport fans and we Navy men at Carroll will long remember him as a fair and square chief who was always willing to give the men a break but at the same time expected them to live up to the rigorous standards of the Navy.

Many Men of V-12 Unit Depart Carroll for Further Training

Rumors travel rather swiftly at Carroll, as was evidenced a few days ago when the word came around that "the orders are in." Men who have been in uniform at Carroll now for almost twelve months, together with many newer trainees, flocked to the Exec's office to discover what the future held in store for them. This was the day many of them had been waiting for. Just where they would be for the next several months depended on a few words spoken by the Executive officer.

Several were told they would be sent to schools like Columbia, Notre Dame, Harvard, or Asbury Park. Just what was the reaction? Well, many of them were overjoyed to find they were being sent to just the type of place they wanted. Others — well — tales of fabulous leaves of twenty-five or thirty days have been circulating around. There appears to be few if any disappointments. This represents one more step toward the goal of the V-12 student — a commission in the United States Navy.

News Takes Vacation

The *Carroll News* will suspend publication for the summer months of July and August. The original plan of publication called for this suspension during the summer semester, however, due to an oversight the information was not included in the masthead. This caused many of our subscribers to expect 12 rather than ten consecutive issues. In order to clarify the status of subscribers, Circulation Manager Larry J. Clifford, A/S USNR, issued the following statement: "The *Carroll News* will not publish during July and August, therefore all subscriptions will be extended two months. The circulation department would like to request that our readers keep the *News* informed of any change of address that may occur during the interval between issues."

Five Fathers Here for Summer

Spending the summer at Carroll are five Fathers who have finished their fourth year of theology at West Baden, Indiana. The newcomers are the Reverends Thomas P. Conry, S.J., J. Barry Dwyer, S.J., Howard J. Kerner, S.J., J. Donald Roll, S.J., and Lawrence B. Schumm, S.J.

Glee Club Completes Busy Year, "Doc" Balogh Bids Men Adieu

The Glee Club completed its 54th year with its appearance at the Memorial Day Mass, May 30. It also marked Dr. Louis L. Balogh's seventh year as director. The Glee Club started from scratch, last summer, being composed almost entirely of Navy men.

The first public appearance was made at the "open house," October 12, 1943. Following up this rather inauspicious beginning was the Glee Club Concert at Severance Hall and an appearance at Thompson Products in December. The latter part of March found the Glee Club again in Severance Hall, this time assisting the Notre Dame Choral Club. The last two appearances of the Club were held in May. The first being at Thompson Products and the last at the Memorial Day Mass.

Much credit should be given to the members of the Glee Club who helped share in the success, to Clifford Christianson, former president and soloist, now stationed elsewhere, Ray Gaffney, accompanist, and Larry Clifford, manager.

Being a part of the Glee Club does not necessarily constitute all work and no play. The annual banquet was held Saturday, January 29, 1944, and judging from the sounds coming from the direction of the ballroom everyone enjoyed the affair.

On June 7, the Glee Club held its last practice of the current semester. "Doc" Balogh, at the time, expressed his heartiest thanks to all members. He wished all who were leaving good luck and added, "I hope that the new men coming in on the first of July will be able to replace those who are leaving." He also added, "Wherever you go, you will always find someone who likes to sing. Be sure to harmonize with him."

Year's Last Dance Held By AWVS

A dance sponsored by the American Women's Volunteer Service was held here in the School auditorium. All Navy V-12 and civilian students enrolled at John Carroll University were invited to attend. It was held between 8:30 and 11:30 on the evening of June 16. Many apprentice seamen were present. Music was furnished by the Navy V-12 Dance Band. Refreshments were served. We all wish to express our thanks to these women of the A.W.V.S. for this enjoyable evening of entertainment.

Cigars On "Doc" Verdieck

Ten pounds and two ounces of happiness came to the Verdieck home on May 21st. Carroll congratulates Faculty member, Dr. Ralph G. Verdieck and his wife on their new baby, Margaret Anne.

SPORTS

CARROLL CAULDRON

Bits O' This 'n' That

Bill Butler, Sports Editor, reviews the softball season, presents final standings, sums up year

Since the softball season is just about over, the *Carroll News* bows its head in chagrin for not having an article on the sport before now. There is one advantage, however. If we had written about the league before now, our prognostications might not have been so hot. Now that the apologies have been made, we go into detail about softball.

It has been almost impossible not to know who has been managing the circuit this semester, but if you have been so careless as not to have discovered it by this time, we will tell you. C. H. Lovgren, of Platoon II, has been the hard-working gentleman, and he has done a fine job. There is not much fun in such a job, but Carl stuck it out.

Bob Reidenbach, of Platoon 12, was the umpire-in-chief. Speaking of umpires, we'd like to doff our hats to the boys that had the toughest job of all. As an umpire, all you get are dirty looks and dirty shoes. That is one job not to our liking. Thanks, boys, for a job well done.

As we go to press, there is a strong rumor that Platoon 42 will win the championship; it is very possible, in that they have won 10 games and tied 1. The next best team is Platoon 43 — they have won 8 games, lost 1 and tied 1. Team 12 dropped to third spot with 8 wins and 2 losses. The other teams in the tournament offered little competition to these three.

The outstanding players of the year were, just to mention a few, the Horst brothers — that sparkling brother battery of 42; Chet Patton, pitcher of Platoon 12; Hemelgarn and Humbold, shortstop and third baseman of 42; Gus Hillman, Platoon 11; Ernie Mataset of 32; Dick Jackson of 12; Bill O'Connell, the sparkplug of 43; and so on, far into the night.

It is the contention of the *Carroll News* that the pleasure obtained from the softball tournament has far outweighed the work put into it. If you have ever glanced along the sidelines when a game is in progress, you know what we mean. The Navy gave us good equipment this time, and we made the most of it, especially the bats. If the records are true, and I have no reason to disbelieve them, team 21 holds the record for broken bats — they reached the phenomenal figure of four bats broken in one game, a high that has never been threatened.

We owe a vote of thanks to Mr.

Oberst, the genial gentleman with the smile who works tirelessly so that we may have the stuff to play with when we want it. Thanks, Gene.

Below are the standings of the teams. At present, as you can see, the teams 11, 41, 31, and 32, did not do so well. Better luck next time!

Team	Won	Lost	Tied
1—42	10	0	1
2—43	7	1	1
3—12	8	2	0
4—21	4	3	1
5—32	4	3	2
6—13	5	4	1
7—22	3	5	2
8—33	3	6	1
9—31	2	6	0
10—23	2	6	1
11—11	2	8	0
12—41	0	10	0

Ship's Company 7 — Cleveland Trenchers 2

Ship's Company avenged an earlier defeat at the hands of the Cleveland Trencher's by trouncing them by five runs to gain a 7-2 victory on Friday, 9 June, 1944.

Herb Bee sparked the ball club to their victory by turning in a brilliant game in the field and at the plate. Ensign Davis clinched the game in the fourth inning with his home run with the bases loaded. Gerald Horst was credited with the victory, although he was troubled with wildness. The line-up for Ship's Company was as follows:

Davis, lf.
Hillman, cf.
Helmholdt, sc.
Butler, rf.
Horst, G., p.
Horst, H., c.
Jackson, 1b.
Bee, 2b.
Lovgren, 3b.
Omnitz, ss.

Umpires: Gara, Patton, and Buckley.

Strength tests were given on 14 June, 1944. Anyone who receives a score of 50 or better is entitled to get excused from physical training for one day each week.

The golf courses in the vicinity are also drawing their share of the Carroll golfers. Each day the fairways are crowded with "men in blue" who are trying to keep their scores down to par.

These contributions to the Cauldron were received through the Carroll News mail box in the Treasurer's office. It has been said that names make news, and if that is true, the following article combining the last names of many of the V-12 unit into an amusing bit of narration is news.

On my way to the store I saw Katz chasing the mama Croes who were trying to teach their little one to be Strong. As I did Craine my neck to watch them fly away, I dropped my Ball and had to Dodge the Bush with the Long Green thorns. I also saw the little red Fox chase the pretty fuzzy Lamb to the Whitehill near the Smallwood in the town of Brunswick. ToMorrow, I thought, I will walk along the other path and Sup my Lunch near the Palm trees and pretty Rose bushes. As I passed the Barber shop I saw his three daughters, Joyce, Judy, and June each eating a Cooke. The three girls were playing with their Brand new dog. I thought, "He's cute, even if he was just a Lemon-colored Kerr. I stayed there a minute, Agin thinking to myself, "I'll watch the Brown-son of Gasper Fulton as he Mounts the Cliff to Ford the Bishop river while he is Reeding his book. I was now late for the store, and as I approached it I thought of an answer to give him. If he Bellows at me and asks me Ware I have been, I will say. "You-man may be the Weaver in this town, but my father owns Camp-Bell and you can't bawl me out, so there." As I walked into the store Mr. Blust was hurrying around with the use of his Kane, a box of Kellog's Corn Flakes in his hand for one of his Byers. I bought my spool of thread and after having a drink of water from the grocer's Faucet, I hurried on my way.

TO YOU, MY SON

*After the day is over
And the last task is done,
No matter how late the hour
I go into our room, my son,
And there in the quiet stillness
I know we are miles apart
As I talk to our Heavenly Father
You seem very close to my heart.
I ask Him to guard and keep you
And help you to walk in His way,
To give you faith and courage,
So that nothing can you dismay.
Then, I get that peace He promised
As I leave you in his care,
And I go to sleep, knowing full well
That He is watching you there —
Will never slumber nor sleep
But over those that love Him
A perfect watch will keep.*

— Mrs. E. Ross Adgate.



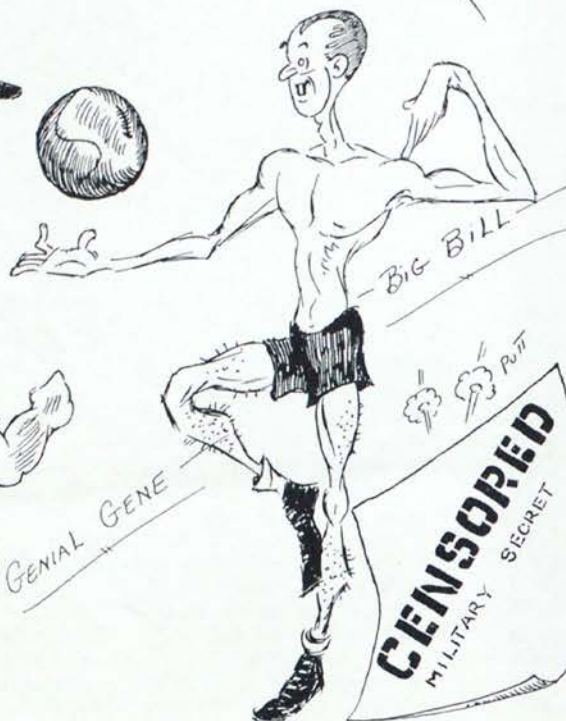
"I APPRECIATE THE FACT"



BLACK LOU



JUMPING JOE



BIG BILL



GENIAL GENE



PUTT
PUTT



CENSORED
MILITARY SECRET



A MAPLE HTS. BOY



MOONSHINE



"FRITZ"
CORRIGAN

HERB LEON

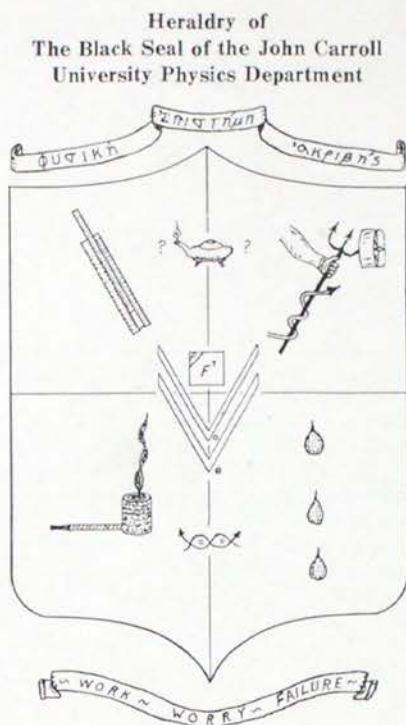
In the adjoining coat-of-arms of the famous physics department are found a number of significant symbols. Since all of you may not be as well up on modern heraldry, the following explanation or interpretation is offered.

In the scroll at the top is found some Greek, which is significant — in view of the fact that physics is completely Greek to all students. Translated it means "Physics is an exact science."

You find in the first quadrant an arm (the upper hand) holding the Devil's Trident with tail entwined about it. From one of the prong's hands the Father's biretta.

Between the first and second quadrant is the agate lamp of old, as usual, burning the mid-night oil, representing a number of things: Fr. Monville's and Fr. Kremer's courses in heat and light, as well as their night sessions. Flanking this lamp is the proverbial question or interrogation mark. No coat-of-arms of the physics department would be complete without them — we leave to your own imagination as to their meanings here.

Just below the lamp is a most significant and proportional square (which might be just a little bit "crooked"). In the upper left hand corner of the square is marked a "P" and the remainder of the square with an "F" raised to the



seventh power. That portion labeled "P" is for the percentage which passes and obviously the "F7" for those who fail.

The third quadrant contains the fa-

mous corn-cob pipe of Dr. Vogt — burning heaven only knows what. He calls it Hayward's Mixture, but it smells much more like a Hay mixture. Maybe if we were to smoke that "stuff" even we could pass the course — maybe.

Between the third and fourth quadrant is found entwined arrows and equation marks — indicating the juggling of answers and equations to get the answers in the book. These should, by all rights be dedicated to Dr. Verdieck, but he hasn't a monopoly on this — try though he may.

For full appreciation of the three drops in the fourth quadrant, color needs to be added. If this were possible, the first drop would be red — standing for the sweat, work and worry of the students. The second would be white for results — absolute blankness. The third is for attitude, and should be, by all means a bright yellow.

In the center are two "V's." One, the "Vo," is for Dr. Vogt; the second one, the "Ve," for Dr. Verdieck. Some who first saw this crest before going to press, suggested the "V's" should stand for vicious, villainous, vile, viscissitude, victim, but of course, they were only fooling.

The above meanings are only suggestions, and we recommend that you supply your own — that is everyone except the physics department.

Exchange

by Andrew C. Putka

A toast to our armed forces and the good ole' U. S. A. for making June 6th, 1944 a date long to be remembered.

Here's to the Army and Navy,
And the battles they have won,
Here's to America's colors —
The colors that never run.

In commemoration of the 101st anniversary of Noah Webster's death, Phillips Temple, Georgetown University's Librarian wrote the following:

"Noah Webster published a book in 1783 which has been selling phenomenally ever since. Curiously enough, it is *not* his dictionary. By 1865 this item had sold 42,000,000 copies, and in 1880 its publisher stated it "had the largest sale of any book in the world except the Bible. We sell them in cases of seventy-two dozen." And what is this book? It is Webster's *Blue-Back Speller*. This news encouraged us a lot, because we had thought that correct spelling had been confined to the limbo of forgotten and unprogressive things along with readable handwriting and a knowledge of the alphabet. We therefore applaud the announcement that a new Liberty ship, recently launched, bears the name of "Noah Webster."

Chemistry Professor: "Jones, what does HNO₃ signify?"

Student: "Well, ah, er-r — I've got it right on the tip of my tongue, sir."

Chemistry Professor: "Well, you'd better spit it out. It's nitric acid."

"The volume of the publicity accorded in recent news accounts of the undertakings of the Rev. Stanislaus Orlemanski on his 'Mission to Moscow' as an unauthorized representative of American citizens of Polish descent is indication of the rightful indignation aroused by the incident. Fr. Orlemanski, a Catholic priest, notably favorable to Soviet rule, was secretly invited by Joseph Stalin to Moscow, where his appearance as an American Catholic priest of Polish descent would be used as the nucleus of another wave in the flood of propaganda currently being released on the American people. Only the premature expose on the part of the American press of the purpose of the 'mission' disrupted Stalin's cleverly devised scheme."

— *The Pacific Star*.

Frosh One: "I hear you got thrown out of school for calling the dean a fish."

Frosh Two: "I didn't call him a fish. I just said, 'That's our dean,' real fast."

The Hoya of May 31st turned a column over to a famous American, J. Edgar Hoover, speaking before the Boys' Clubs of America on a subject of great concern to all.

"The more we know about the saboteurs of our national morale and the better we understand them, the easier it will be to combat them in our march to victory.

"For example, the sad lack of character development is too evident in the tragedies which blight our land today. The rightful heritage of every youngster is honor, respect, and decency. But his parents, his teachers, and others who come in contact with him must contribute to the building of this firm foundation for life.

"This fundamental obligation is being neglected. Those who have the opportunities and the responsibility have failed to teach youth to seek the guidance of God; to respect lawful authority; to treat others as they themselves would be treated in the unfailing light of the Golden Rule. The Church has not failed. It has not been given an opportunity to fulfill its Divine purpose. . . . The future development of this country will suffer in proportion to the number of wasted lives."

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

by Father Le May

Our Soldier Dead: Are They Martyrs?

Because since D-day the anxiety of thousands of parents and friends concerning our boys who are taking part in the invasion has increased to an agonizing degree, we have considered it appropriate to reprint the substance of the article bearing the above title which appeared in America last year.

The certainty that a true martyr goes straight from death to heaven is as old as the Church herself. The blood of martyrdom, she tells us, is as utterly cleansing as the waters of Baptism. It washes away not only the whole guilt of sin but also all of sin's debt of punishment. There can, therefore, be no Purgatory for one who is truly a martyr. That is why the Church, even from the days before the catacombs, has never prayed for a martyr. "For all our other dead," St. Augustine wrote, "we pray: but for our martyrs, as the faithful know, we do not pray but give them at once the honors of the altar of God."

A martyr, in this true and full meaning of the word, is one who willingly makes the sacrifice of his life in testimony to the truth of Christianity and in defense of Christianity against those who would oppress it. Scholars have written books on the wealth of meaning which those words imply. But three things emerge as the essential meaning of true martyrdom. It must be death for Christ, at the hands of the enemies of Christ, willingly endured for the love of Christ.

Now the man who gives back his soul to God in the swamps of the Southern Pacific or on the beaches of France or Italy or on some battle-swept ocean — can these things be said of him? Remembering that only the Church herself can say with definite authority who are martyrs, it would seem nevertheless that they can. And if they can, then that man is a true martyr and those who love him can have, in their sorrow, the deep comfort of knowing that his soul went straight to God in eternal happiness. No less a theologian than St. Thomas — and many other eminent theologians agree — that a soldier's death in battle can be truly called a martyrdom.

By itself, death for one's country is not enough to make one a true martyr. The martyr must die not merely for some created thing but for a Divine cause — for Christ. But who would say that the Christian soldier or sailor dies for the love of his country only, and not for the love of Christ as well? Is not his love of country founded on his very love of Christ? He has made himself a loyal citizen, even to the giving of his life, precisely because it was Christ's will that he should be a good citizen and

fight for his country in its day of peril. He dies for a Christian patriotism; and death for any Christian virtue is truly death for Christ. "Death for one's country," writes St. Thomas, "when it remains unrelated to Christ, does not win the crown of martyrdom. But death for the fatherland, when it is related to Christ, will merit the crown and make one a martyr. This is the case when a soldier dies in defending his country against an enemy who is endeavoring to corrupt the Faith of Christ."

This recalls the second requirement of martyrdom. Like the Mass, martyrdom is a continuation through the centuries of Calvary's own tragedy and glory. The blow which strikes down a martyr must be aimed at Christ Himself, or the things for which He stands. That is why St. Thomas cannot call every soldier who dies in a war a martyr. To be truly a martyr, he must make the supreme sacrifice against an enemy who has moved against Christ and Christianity.

That the Axis, in this war, is attacking Christianity elicited the protest of the Catholic Bishops of Germany, in their memorial of December 18, 1942, to the German government, that Nazi conduct in occupied countries "can be only taken as the expression of a senseless hatred directed against everything Christian." That individual or even great groups of Axis soldiers do not hate Christianity is irrelevant. Neither did the lions in the Roman amphitheatre nor, for all we know, did the slaves who fired Nero's torches. But Nero, who gave the orders, did; and so, if we are to believe every indication, does the Nazi oligarchy which rules the Axis war effort.

Lastly, the soldier martyr must die willingly for Christ. If the soldier repudiates the idea of dying for Christ, he cannot, of course, be a true martyr. It has been urged that a soldier forfeits the crown of martyrdom because he fights to defend himself from such a death. Theologians, however, have demonstrated the shallowness of this objection. Willingness to die for Christ is implicit in the normal Christian soldier's readiness to embark upon the dangerous task of war. If he is a Christian at all, this readiness includes an acceptance beforehand of whatever destiny God may send him. On the battlefield, his military action is the expression, not of any cowardly fear of death, but of his determination to fight on, as long as God wills, against the enemies of his home and his Faith.

Thus the theology of martyrdom and the circumstances of this war give us every reason to trust that our war dead

will go straight from the battlefield to heaven, to be gathered into the glorious host of Christ's most chosen heroes. Only the Church can say the last, infallible word about martyrs. Therefore our prayers must continue to follow them beyond their heroic sacrifice. But our hearts can be at peace in our sorrow, and our love for them can rejoice with a holy pride like that which shone through Christian tears in the catacombs. This is, for hearts that love Christ, strength indeed.

Wretch's Column

Conducted by R. L. B.

A V-12er dropped his pencil, and reached down to pick it up. When he had retrieved it, he asked his classmate what the professor had said. "My gosh," said his classmate, "you just missed a whole year of solid geometry."

* * *

The ban on smoking in the halls brings back old nostalgic memories of when one had to have a co-pilot to navigate through the lower halls.

* * *

Having visited the sick bay, recently, for a slight illness, I overheard one of our Navy boys talking to the doctor. It appeared that this chap had been suffering from a severe headache for the last three weeks.

The doctor asked him, "How much have you been smoking recently?"

"Never smoke," came the reply.

"How much have you been drinking lately?"

"Never drink."

"Been going out nights much?"

"Never go out nights."

"The trouble with you is," said the doctor, "Your halo is too tight around your head."

* * *

A tough patient in the hospital awoke after a serious operation and found the blinds of his room drawn.

"Why are the blinds down, Doctor?"

"Well," said the doctor, "there's a fire across the street and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure."

* * *

If anyone has Mr. Bungart for English, ask him to explain the story about the rabbit. It's really a good one; heard it myself. . . .

Introducing Our Student Writers

Selections chosen from papers by students of English Composition

SUNDAY, U.S.O.

by Harold Arnold, USNR.

(Submitted as Composition in English 2)

Sergeant Lane rattled the ice in his coke glass and wished he was back in the barracks. He leaned heavily on the shiny soft-drink counter, encircling the sweet insipid beverage in his huge brown fist. Ordinarily he preferred the spirits of grain, but it was Sunday and the bars were closed. Most of the day he had been "upstairs." The throb of motors still churned in his head, his face still felt raw and whipped from the sharp wind that had streamed into the turret. He passed his hand over the stubble of his close-cropped head. He wished he had not come with the boys.

Letting out his breath gustily, he put his half-empty glass on the counter and wheeled off his creaky stool. He strolled aimlessly in the direction of several G.I.'s bunched around a pinball machine. Others were methodically feeding their money into clanking slot machines.

After losing some dozen nickels, Lane wandered idly through the game room, pausing one or twice, hands in pockets, to watch a shot on the garish green felt billiard tables which somehow seemed restful under the harsh lights. The darting ping-pong players in the corner and the swift, dull *pink-punk* of the celluloid balls irritated him. He spun on his heels and made his way toward the ballroom.

A red-faced trumpeter was holding the last agonized squeal of a hot "lick." Perspiring, breathless dancers stopped gratefully with the close of the music and stood shifting their weight from one foot to the other, poking playfully at each other and laughing loudly without apparent cause. Sergeant Lane brushed through the khaki stag line at the edge of the dance floor. Along the opposite wall slumped a few frowsy girls, some chatting with hands to mouth, others sitting boredly alone, all of them looking rather uncomfortable. The orchestra moaned out a slow pulsating rhythm. On an impulse he cut in on a flaming red sweater. The wool felt damp and warm under his hand.

"Hi-ya, soldier!" she chirped, her head cocked pertly to one side as she glided into his arms.

"Hi."

Her fuzzy hair tickled his chin. Its perfume was strong and sharp. They danced on without speaking.

"Having a good time?" she asked, finally.

"Yeah . . . sure . . . swell. I—"

Someone cut in and he felt relieved.

He walked out into the front hall past the table of heavily marcelled chaperones. You'd never think of calling them Mom,

he thought. As he stood uncertainly by the white porcelain water fountain, he felt a burst of fresh air as late dancers swung open the huge front door. He was minded to step out for more air when one of his friends hailed him.

"Hey, Sarge! A bus is just leavin'. Let's take off."

"Roger!"

Lane jammed on his cap and ran out after his buddy.

"WHOM GOD LOVES —"

by R. B. Scott, USNR.

(Submitted as composition in English 2)

On a dreary December afternoon I lay in the hospital serenely recovering from a minor operation. The usual quiet routine suddenly changes as a white-capped nurse carried a pale boy into the room opposite mine. He seemed to need the constant attention of several nurses. I was curious to know what was wrong with him.

The boy showed no signs of being seriously ill except for a weak, strained expression on his face. For several hours I paid little attention to the new patient or to his coughing, until I became disturbed by its frequency and monotony. I was aware of a growing epidemic of pneumonia in the city.

At a hospital a meal seems to be based upon the condition of the patient. Therefore, now that the trays were about to be passed out, it would be easier to acquire some idea of the seriousness of the new boy's illness.

The boy's condition must have taken a sudden turn for the worse, because a nurse appeared from nowhere to set up an apparatus for feeding him through the arm veins. Incessant coughing was beginning to weaken the child. The signs of pronounced difficulty in breathing were plain, for I could catch his wheezing across the hall.

A nurse busied herself with the temperature chart. She nodded sadly. I had an idea that the lad's temperature had climbed to the danger-point. The coughing, subsiding from lack of strength, also pointed to a crisis.

Now an oxygen-tent was set up over the boy. For a while it permitted him to rest more quietly. Soon after, I could hear the moist, scratchy gurgling recommencing after every inhalation.

The condition was fast becoming hopeless. I felt a lump in my throat as I peered through the slit in the blind around the boy's bed and saw his sallow face crack with a faint smile at the nurse's words of encouragement. The oxygen mixture was increased in desperation. There was only waiting now; survival was not the question.

I experienced a queer feeling thinking of how this boy, in the arms of death, was probably only last week fleet of foot and hard at play with other youngsters.

Now the little fellow's breath came in desperate gasps as he tried mightily to supply his lungs with enough oxygen. After a few uncertain yet strong inhalations, his breathing grew weaker and weaker. Then silence. As the dewy-eyed nurse calmly put the sheet over the quiet little body, I prayed. I prayed with a heart thankful that I would be leaving the hospital soon to return to an active, normal life. I prayed for my unknown friend, too . . .

WHAT SO RARE?

by Mary Christopher

(Evening Student)

I had thought to read. Instead I lay silent upon the soft warm grass of June and felt thankful to God that I could do so. For me vacation meant escape — escape from the routinous precision and the precise routine of the hospital, escape from endless hours of performing the numerous tasks that become sanctified as the duties of a student nurse. Here in the country, at home in one's own front yard, all thought of hospital supervisors was put aside. Here suffering and illness did not exist. There was only the warming splendor of a day in June. Tall hedges and shrubbery shut out the outside world. Only occasionally did the purr of a passing motor-car hint of a throbbing existence beyond. Here was seclusion, here was peace.

A light breeze stirred the tender young leaves of the huge maple in the shade of which I lay. Through the fringed mass of boughs and leaves came tatters of clear blue sky. High on the main branch was a bird-house which some patient hand had fashioned of bark and twigs. Already it had been discovered by a pair of wrens newly arrived. They were losing no time setting up housekeeping. The afternoon was filled with their ceaseless warblings in pure elation over the sunny hours in which to work.

I had only to turn slightly to view the rose-arbor where huge sprays of buds held the promise of a fragrant haven. A humming bird darted into view, pausing only long enough to sip-sip-sip tremblingly at the spikes of early delphinium. In an instant it had gone on wings invisible, so rapidly were they beating. It was no temptation to yield to the restful tranquility of the garden. I was more and more unaware of my book lying untouched beside me. The sun's warmth was filtering through me. I felt I should wrap it about me in contentment. I slept.

CARROLL ALUMNI

In the Service of God, Country, and Fellowman

Early Carroll Musician

Rev. Joseph W. Koudelka, genial pastor of St. Wenceslaus parish in Maple Heights, Ohio, has watched with great interest the changes in his Alma Mater, John Carroll, during the passage of time.



Rev. Joseph W. Koudelka

In a recent interview, he compared the school of today to the Carroll he knew at the time of his attendance, and the results proved interesting and enlightening. Father Koudelka attended Carroll from 1890 to 1896.

Father Koudelka reminisces thus: "During our first year we were upstairs in the old frame building. At that time the school was called St. Ignatius, of course.

"A two-year commercial curriculum was offered, of which one class was held upstairs, and one downstairs. Downstairs the gymnasium was situated also, where I put the boxing gloves on with a classmate by the name of Urbanowicz.

"To my inevitable sorrow, I didn't know that he was an expert in the 'manly art.' He played with me as a cat plays with a mouse. I became angry and gave him a tap which was harder than the others—that's all I did. He did the rest!

"Father Rockliffe, the prefect, came in just then and ordered me to take off the gloves and never put them on again. So I received but one boxing lesson."

After his stay at Carroll, Father Koudelka went to St. Mary's Seminary

to prepare for the priesthood. His ordination took place on May 18, 1902. His first position was as assistant pastor at old St. Wenceslaus, which was then located on Broadway. He became pastor, successively and successfully, at Marblehead and Port Clinton churches. At St. Wenceslaus he was a dominant figure in the campaign which culminated in the building of the new St. Wenceslaus in Maple Heights, Ohio.

Father Koudelka numbers among his most intimate friends many Carroll Alumni: Rev. V. A. Chaloupka, Mr. William Houck, Bishop James A. McFadden, and in particular Rev. John Powers, who always had a desire to pitch baseball, as Father Koudelka recalls.

Father Koudelka related one other incident, which will bring back many memories, as well as illustrate the character of the narrator:

"An incident I remember well was the one which occurred in singing class. At one of the rehearsals, someone behind me made an unearthly sound.

"I received the blamed for it, and Father Zahn, the singing Director, put me out. Then I joined the College Orchestra, composed of outside adult musicians and some few of the college boys. I played the second fiddle.

"After I was in the orchestra for about two or three weeks, Father Zahn came to me and acknowledged that he was mistaken, since the unearthly sounds persisted after my departure. Being in the orchestra, and since the rehearsals for both activities were at the same time, I told Father Zahn that my services were taken up in making unearthly sounds in the orchestra, which statement the director of the orchestra supported wholeheartedly."

Recent Carroll Athlete

As promised in an earlier issue of the *Carroll News*, we offer for the consideration of our readers a success story. This success story is different, however, in that its hero has distinguished himself in the field of athletics. The hero of our story is John Dromo, Carroll '39.

John Dromo came to Carroll in 1935 and graduated in 1939. He is a native of West Middlesex, Pennsylvania, but he really considers Cleveland as his home. John first established the name of Dromo in collegiate circles by his exploits on the basketball courts. He starred on Carroll cage teams for three seasons, under Tom Conley. He played football during his sophomore and junior years, but a knee

injury prevented his participation in that sport during his final year. It was as a star basketball guard that he secured lasting fame, being named on the mythical All-Ohio cage team in 1939.

Dromo's first love has always been coaching and immediately after his graduation he turned to that profession. His first job was as athletic director and as coach of St. Francis de Sales high school, Newark, Ohio. He applied himself to the task at hand and the results he obtained in Newark are ample proof that success is the reward of diligent labor.

When Dromo assumed the helm at St. Francis his teams were little known and no better than average; when he left that post three years later he had established the name of the school throughout the state and given the school the best team it has ever had.

John's last Newark team had the splendid record of 24 victories and four defeats, three of those defeats being at the hands of Class A schools.

Dromo left Newark in 1942 and was immediately appointed assistant Carroll grid and cage coach by Tom Conley. During this time John worked in a local defense plant daily and coached from 3 to 6 p.m. daily.

In February, of 1943, he was made head coach of Xavier high school, Cincinnati. Here he continued to enjoy the success he has always had. He won not

(Continued on next page)



John D. Dromo

.. Alumni Notes..

Neville Chandler, now in England, has been overseas for two years and has taken part in four major engagements. He has received two battlefield promotions, to 2nd Lt. in Africa, and to 1st Lt. in Sicily, and his decorations include the purple heart, the silver star, and the oak leaf cluster. His brother, Lester, is now in the South Pacific.

S/Sgt. James B. Snapp, Jr., a radio operator in communications in India on the Burma border, is living in a bamboo hut with a grass roof, and pays a native bearer 15 rupees a month to run errands and make his bed. In India he met a first cousin for the first time, and discovered that they had made the trip over on the same boat.

Lt. Commander Thomas F. Charvat, naval surgeon and veteran of the Makin, Marshalls and Gilbert Island campaigns, reports that the Navy is running ahead of schedule in the war against the Japs. Commander Charvat was home on furlough recently, but is now back on duty in the Pacific.

2nd Lt. Thomas Cawley, a prisoner of war in Germany, is attending classes and doing some cooking in the prison camp. His mother reports that his hair has turned white. It is rumored that he attempted to escape recently, but the result is not known.

Dromo

(Continued)

one, not two, but three, championships in one year. He brought to Xavier championships in basketball, football, and swimming. Commenting on his championship basketball team, the Cincinnati Times Star said: "St. Xavier's team is equal to the best in these parts in the last 15 years. Any team that beats them will know that it was in a ball game."

Dromo's big ambition is to lend his talents to Carroll teams, especially basketball teams. He is well qualified to do just that. He combines an intimate knowledge of the game, with an admirable ability to lead men.

Perhaps no better summation of John Dromo's record as a successful coach can be made than that which appeared in the *Newark Advocate* in announcing his departure from St. Francis de Sales:

"John Dromo's football teams have always been noted for their mental alertness, hard blocking, and vicious tackling. His basketball teams are famous for their fast break, terrific rebound work under the basket, and their ultra-smart defensive tactics. His teams are never victims of upsets.

"It is a treat to the spectator to see them whip that ball around. Put your money on this young man. He is going places in the coaching world."

T/5 Michael A. Dwyer, infantry bandman in the Pacific war zone, recently wrote home a letter eloquent in its praise of the work Chaplains are performing. He was particularly grateful for the privilege of receiving Communion any time when in battle zones.

Allen J. Koehler, grad. '31, Storekeeper 2/c, is at present in the Aleutians in the supply department of the Navy.

Raymond Hodous, grad. '43, is now aboard a destroyer somewhere in the Atlantic, and writes that he has seen plenty of action.

Cpl. James E. Tafelski '43 is now in New Guinea.

2nd Lt. Robert Horan, grad. '43, received his navigator wings at the Hondo Army Air Field, Hondo, Texas, on April 22.

Dr. William E. Mishler, assistant chief surgeon of the Erie Railroad, was recently elected to the American College of Surgeons.

Lt. David Marquard had a happy reunion with his brother Corp. Cleo in England after several years separation.

A.S. Jack Dolan dropped in from Harvard to visit; Pfc. Jack Prochaska, Lt. Jim Nugent, Sgt. Robert Meaker, and Ens. Frank Sullivan also came back to their favorite campus.

Leonard Bartchak is making progress in radio at Scott Field, Illinois. He will be going to Yuma, Arizona, in a few weeks.

Lt. Neal Carroll has finished his Army and Navy training in San Diego and is now receiving actual messages in telephone and code from the Pacific.

Our Sympathy

Harold F. McGuire, 37, of the class of 1928, died on May 23, of a heart attack. Mr. McGuire was widely known in Cleveland since the years he starred as an athlete at J.C.U. He came here from his native Rock Rapids, Iowa, to attend Carroll and from 1924 to 1928 was one of the backfield stars of its football teams. Known as "Moe" McGuire to his teammates, he was an all-round athlete, and in addition to his football play was an outstanding baseball, basketball and track man. As district manager of the Amos Coal Company of Syracuse, N. Y., he traveled extensively through the Great Lakes areas in recent years and was active in the coal industry in numerous lake cities. Mr. McGuire lived at 1391 E. Melrose Drive, Westlake, and is survived by his wife, Mrs. Thelma Kiener McGuire, and his children, Carolyn, William H., and Joan.

Our sympathy is extended to Pfc. Paul Krisko, whose mother died on April 19.



Gold Star



Lt. Joseph M. Dulski

An airplane crash, on the takeoff, from an altitude of 300 feet, brought death to Lt. Joseph M. Dulski. The accident occurred at Pueblo, Colorado, where Lt. Dulski had been squadron commander.

Lt. Dulski attended Carroll in '35-'36, graduated from Western Reserve, and was employed by Thompson Products before enlisting in the Army in March of '41. Transferred over to Navigation, he received his ensign's commission, then his wings at Turner Field, Georgia. For a year and a half he was an instructor in Monroe, Louisiana. His captaincy papers were in Washington at the time of his death. Vividly cherishing his memory is his wife of 20 months, Irene, now living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Toth, 11721 Parkhill Avenue, and her baby boy, Joseph M., Jr.

There are now 22 Gold Stars in the Carroll Service Flag.

Clifford Duffner was in this morning, June 14, 1944, wearing brand new Gold Bars.

Cliff Duffner, ex-'44, and Joe Shaker, ex-'44, were commissioned second lieutenants in Army Aviation, Meteorology, at Chanute Field, Illinois, June 4, 1944.

Duffner is assigned to Spence Field, Moultrie, Georgia, Shaker to somewhere in Nebraska.

A/V J. E. Hannan has been in the South Pacific for seven months. He was Ensign of seven barges that invaded New Georgia Island.

Cpl. Richard J. Hearn, after serving in the Canal Zone for 28 months, is in Durham, N. C., to be reassigned.

From Camp to Campus

Jack Corrigan:

Congratulations and the best of luck in your new position as Editor of the finest publication ever sponsored by J.C.U. The January issue, which has just reached me, is really excellent. I strongly suspect that the preceding month's *News*, which is long overdue, is being read and enjoyed by one Davy Jones.

Though busy, I did manage to drop a few lines to your illustrious predecessor occasionally to keep him informed of my latest ramblings. Still stuck in the Medics, I won't bore you with the gruesome details. At present I'm delivering first aid lectures and giving tetanus, typhus, typhoid and small pox immunizations while waiting for the kickoff.

Returning to a more pleasant topic, permit me to say that Basil Platt's symposium on an international police force come the cessation of hostilities was the outstanding feature of the January issue. Not only did the contributions by the four members of the faculty provide some real food for thought, but they brought back many vivid memories of interesting hours spent in their respective classes.

Of course, the highlight of each and every edition is always Father LeMay's "Chaplain's Corner." As usual his article entitled "Inventory" packed much genuine advice in a few thought-provoking sentences with absolute clarity.

Jim, I noticed you issued a plea for copy. Well, not having seen "Ike" for a few days, I can't send you any red hot tips. Lacking a camera, I'll attempt to do the next best thing and send you a verbal picture of England through a Yank's eyes.

For years anglophiles in the States have urged closer co-operation with the English largely because the two countries speak the same tongue. This may be so, but most Yanks don't know it, because there seem to be more dialects here than Carnegie Avenue has stop lights — Yorkshire, Kentish, Lancashire, Cornish, Cockney, and ad infinitum . . . Almost any time you stroll down a street someone will call out in one of these diversified dialects, "There's no pub that way, Yank!" . . . Beer gardens are called pubs and carry very romantic names like "The Throstle's Nest," "Ye Cherry Tree," or "Ye Olde Red Lion." There isn't even one "Joe's Place." Pubs with classy furniture and highly-polished brass are called hotels. . . . Chips are French-fried potatoes and are eaten here like popcorn. What a Yank calls potato chips they call crisps. . . . The English seem to place great faith in patent medicines of all types. England's equivalent of Carter's

Little Liver Pills, for example, are Bile Beans — advertised every place you look. Some of the boys have their own sales talk on the British Bile Beans (they do the work of Carter's Little Liver Pills without the danger of Carter's Little Liver Pills, for they are harmless Bile Beans, etc.) . . . At 10:30 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. everything stops for tea, come hell, high water, or the Luftwaffe. . . . After a Yank has watched British laborers at work he realizes why Europe has had wars of ten, twenty, thirty, etc., years' duration. The majority of them make Stepin Fetchit look like Jesse Owens. . . . Most of the natives cautiously concede that there is something to be said for America's mass production technique,

Missing

Lt. Nathaniel Austin Hanau, Jr., who left John Carroll University to enlist in the Army Air Corps in July, 1942, has been missing over Burma since June 1, according to an official War Department communique.

The son of Lt. N. Austin Hanau, of the U. S. Naval Reserve, stationed at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Hanau had more than 33 missions over Italy to his credit. A pilot of a Liberator bomber, he was transferred to the China-Burma war theatre recently.

His brother, Lt. Gordon Hanau, a Carroll alumnus, is with the Navy at Long Island, New York. The brothers are both graduates of Holy Name High School.



Lt. N. A. Hanau, Jr.

but it never could compare with British craftsmanship. Of course, the Liberty ships, aircraft carriers, destroyers, war equipment, and food products which the Yanks give will be accepted for the present. Quite gentlemanly, eh what? . . . After five years of war England's transportation facilities are still in fine shape. Their locomotives are pint-size jobs — most of the buses are double-deckers as are the street cars, which are called trams. Most of the automobiles are little puny, four-cylinder crates reminiscent of the Austin days in the States. . . . Driving on the left-hand side of the street is confusing at times even to a Corrigan. . . . Little kids pester you everywhere, shouting, "Got some Ameddican goom or sweets, Yawnk?" . . . English girls — well, there just isn't any comparison between them and the American girls. Many of them have but two aims — to marry an American and to reach the States; the former being regarded as a necessary evil toward accomplishing the latter. . . . As for recreation, if you don't care to go pubbing there is always the cinema or flicks. Ninety-five per cent of the movies are American, based on typical American gags, situations and customs, but the people love them, and prefer the slapstick to the "subtle twist of a phrase." Most of the titles are changed over here, e.g., "Swingshift Maisie" became "The Girl in Overalls," while Red Skelton's "I Dood It" was changed to "By Hook or By Crook." . . . The less said about the government-subsidized radio the better. As one Yank put it, "I'll never cease to marvel at the inhuman patience of a nation that will listen to such tripe and still pay ten shillings tax for the privilege of listening to it." . . . An Englishman takes great pride and glories in his land's historic past — a Yank is concerned only with the present and immediate future. . . . Like every other place in the world, there are people and people. Many friendships made will endure during the coming years. Likewise with the animosities. . . . It is only when an American has crossed the ocean and has seen the European way of life — the class-distinctions, the living standards, the working conditions, the limited educational opportunities, and the religious bigotry that he comes to a full realization of what it means to be an American.

And with that I'll end this letter, not with a cheerio, but just a plain

So long for now,

Sgt. Jack V. Corrigan, 15131544
Med. Det. 513 — Qm. Bn.
Mobile, A.P.O. No. 507
c/o P.M. New York, N. Y.

New Vicar General

St. Mary's Seminary is losing its Rector, but St. Luke's Church, Lakewood, is gaining a new Pastor, and the Cleveland Diocese has a new Vicar General. The man concerned in these adjustments is the Rt. Rev. Msgr. James M. McDonough, as announced on June 16th by the Most Reverend Bishop Edward F. Hoban.

Monsignor McDonough was born 63 years ago in Marietta. His schooling brought him through the portals of St. Ignatius High School and College and Diocesan Seminary. He was ordained on June 9, 1906.

Twenty-eight of his thirty-eight years in the priesthood have been employed at St. Mary's Seminary in various capacities—as teacher, official, and for the past 14 years as Rector.



Rt. Rev. Msgr. James M. McDonough

St. Agnes' Parish boasts of his first appointment as an Assistant back in 1906; St. Stephen's in Niles recalls his pastorate which began in 1923.

In 1934, the Pope honored him with the purple of a domestic prelate. Monsignor is vice-chairman of the diocesan board of priestly activities, and chairman of the editorial board of the Catholic Universe Bulletin.

In his new capacities, Monsignor McDonough brings with him the reputation as an outstanding scholar and administrator. Carroll is proud of Monsignor McDonough, and joins his many friends in wishing him success and happiness in his new undertakings.

**BUY
WAR BONDS**

Dr. Wilfred M. Gill Addresses Alumni Meeting Subject: Causes and Effects of Psychoneurosis

At the last Alumni meeting in the Hotel Hollenden ballroom, on the evening of June 21, Dr. Wilfred M. Gill, nationally known psychiatrist, presented a short talk, on the Cause and Effect of Psychoneurosis during war.

Dr. Gill stated that first evidence of neurosis appeared during the year of 1939, when international tension was at

Eight Silver Jubilarians

On May 29, 1919, eight former Carroll students knelt before the consecrating hands of Bishop John Farrelly. Today these eight priests of God are celebrating their Silver Jubilees in His service. The Jubilarians are The Most Reverend Joseph P. Hurley, Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida; The Very Reverend Owen L. Gallagher, Pastor of St. Joseph's Massillon; the Rt. Rev. Msgr. James J. Duffy, Pastor of St. Patrick, Cleveland; the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William L. Newton, professor of sacred scripture at St. Mary Seminary; the Rev. Thaddeus T. Marchant, pastor of St. Theresa's, Cleveland; the Rev. Thomas I. Gaffney, Pastor of Assumption, Broadview Heights; the Rev. John F. Gallagher, Pastor of St. Joseph, Cuyahoga Falls; and the Rev. Chester J. Bartlett, of St. Joseph's, Collinwood.

Carroll is proud of these, her sons, and grateful to God for them. Carroll congratulates these Jubilarians and wishes them many more fruitful years in the service of the Master.

Cleveland Team

Completing an intensive course in combat flying at Alexandria Army Air Field, three Clevelanders are teamed together on the same Flying Fortress crew. Pilot, co-pilot, and bombardier of the crew, they are Second Lieuts. Nicholas Duffin, Jr., 16004 Lucille Aven, N. W.; Millard V. C. Cooper, 1431 Riverside Road, Lakewood; and Erwin H. Cooper, 1720 Middlehurst Road, Cleveland Heights. The two Coopers are unrelated.

Lieut. Duffin, 21-year-old pilot, attended St. Ignatius' High School, and John Carroll University. He left Carroll in 1940 after one year and joined the army, serving in the infantry at Fort Benning, Georgia. Accepted as an aviation cadet in August, 1942, he took his flying training at Santa Anna, Hemet, Bakersfield, and Stockton, all in California. He received his Flying Fortress transitional training at Hobbs, New Mexico.

Lieut. Duffin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas W. Duffin, Sr., 16004 Lucille Avenue, N. W. His wife is Mrs. Patricia Collins Duffin, and lives at 3198 East 118th Street.

its highest. The reactions in England were manifold in nature, but could be classified under the following symptoms of terror, confusion, and anxiety. According to the British psychiatrists, panic was the most prominent disorder, and was relieved by moving these people from the crowded areas. These mental disorders were brought on by the memory of bombings during the last war.

In the United States we have not been subjected to this type of danger, however there has been noticed among war workers a different type of neurosis. This neurosis is characterized mainly by exhaustion, evidenced in one or more of the following debilities: failure of power, failure of thought, failure of interest, and action. These are reactions of the personality to the increased tempo of industry, and the increase in working hours from 45 to 70 hours per week. Also important in the cause are the skilled nature of the occupation, the increased responsibility, the need of the country of finished materials, and high pay.

Dr. Gill went on to say that, "During the year of 1929, there were 18,393 veterans of the last war who were hospitalized for mental illnesses, and in 1939 the number had increased to 29,000." This necessitated a screening-out of the potential neurotic inductees in this war. Those that did slip through admitted after becoming ill that they had had some sort of nervous disorders before induction, or in the immediate family.

There are many factors that are responsible for these conditions. After the evacuation at Dunkirk, it was reported that 80 per cent of the British soldiers were suffering from emotional shock, wrongly termed "shell shock," and five to 10 per cent were suffering from shell shock caused by concussion. Causes for these casualties were the loss of sleep, lack of food, bodily dangers and discomforts, and frustration at not being able to fight back at the enemy.

There are many rehabilitation centers that are now set up for the care of returned veterans. These places provide quiet and relaxation, as well as vocational training as part of their program.

In summing up, Dr. Gill warned, that these boys who have had a "section 2 and 3 discharge" should not be stigmatized because of this fact. Further, that any disorder starting with the word "psycho" or indicative of nervous disorders are wrongly believed by the majority of us to be of serious consequence. This however, is untrue, and should be avoided at all costs, for these boys have normal mental equipment. Each man has his own breaking point, some reach it sooner than others, consequently we should show understanding and not make them outcasts.

T/Sgt. James A. Carey:

For the past several months I have been receiving the new, improved *Carroll News*. It's a rare treat, indeed, to receive this fine publication regularly here in Italy. Congratulations on your excellent work. The "Exchange" column of the March issue, I found most interesting, particularly those excerpts dealing with the bombing of Cassino.

It is unfortunate that you couldn't have had your staff photographer in Italy during the recent eruption of Vesuvius. It would have been a real "scoop." Lady luck offered me a ringside seat for the show, which I readily accepted. The Old Man of the Mountain did his best to entertain, and despite his advanced age, succeeded admirably, holding his audience spellbound for several nights and days. The entire show was well staged with the night performances receiving the highest praise from the critics, largely due to the spectacular lighting effects.

I have little news about former Carroll men in this section of the world. Norm Volk, of the class of '40, is in my outfit. Nev Chandler, who attended Carroll in '37 and '38, was in this theatre throughout the Tunisian and Sicilian campaigns, but I now understand that he is in England awaiting the big moment.

T/Sgt. James A. Carey,
Hq. 47th Bomb. Gp.,
(L) AAF,
A.P.O. No. 650.

Lt. William Balazs:

I happened to be in town (Casablanca) the afternoon of Good Friday and stopped in for a moment into one of the largest parishes in the city — St. Charles — and quite an impressive service met my eyes. They even sing the Stabat Mater in the same chord and harmony that my choir at home uses.

About the censorship regulations, there is little to say. I as an officer censor my own mail; my signature attests to that. But then the base censor must stamp each item that leaves the local APO mail. I assure you that at first I hated to intrude upon the privacy established in these letters, but now it is a thing of the past. One must be a father confessor around an organization such as this.

That Sicily incident emphasizes all the more the need to be on the alert at all times. To me for a long time one airplane seemed the same as another. The air corps at all stages of my training never failed to make the most of aircraft identification. I would say this, that this government hadn't taken its people into confidence as far as most of the released bulletins indicate. The Patton case was quite notorious out here months ago. It would do us a lot of good if we were scared once in a while. The complacency adopted at home is very distressing from my viewpoint. Witness the Miami winter season and compare that with a foxhole

From Camp to Campus

at Anzio. The English people as well as the French out here have a different attitude toward conduct at home. Such carousing and revelling as the night clubs at that southern city display is unheard of out in these parts. The affair at Palm Beach regarding the lease on the hotel that was cancelled by political design was equally appalling. The hotel was a hospital for burned cases, until it was vacated at the request of the real estate association of southern Florida. Such tripe! We in the states haven't suffered the privations of war. We don't know what it is. But than I wouldn't want to be a pessimist and say that we haven't a chance to remold ourselves.

I had the following poem copied from a local edition of "Stars and Stripes." It was taken off the person of a soldier killed in action.

LOOK GOD

Look God,
I have never spoken to You,
But now I want to say "How do you do."
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist
And like a fool I believed all this.
Last night from a shell hole I saw Your sky.
I figured right then they had told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see things You made
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.
I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand —
Somehow I feel that You will understand.
Funny, I had to come to this hellish place
Before I had time to see Your Face.
Well, I guess there isn't much more to say.
I'm sure the zero hour will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid since I know You're near.
The signal! Well, God, I'll have to go —
I like You lots, this I want You to know,
Look now, this will be a horrible fight . . .
Who knows, I may come to Your house tonight.
Though I wasn't friendly to You before
I wonder, God . . . if You'd wait at Your door?
Look, I'm crying! ME! Shedding tears!
I wish I had known You these many years.
Well, I have to go now, God . . . Good-bye.
Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die . . .

(Unknown Yank.)

Lt. William E. Balazs,
2677th Hq. Co.,
APO 512, c/o Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.

Dave Dugan:

At present I am at Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington on duty on the Thoracic surgery ward.

We have a full house right now and it's a pleasure working for these boys who have been wounded overseas.

My wife and two children, Davie, age 3, and Kathleen, 14 months, are here with me and we have a very nice bungalow in Silver Spring, Maryland.

Have you heard lately from my classmate, Major T. J. Kelly, Chaplain overseas? According to all reports he's doing a fine job, which would naturally be expected of Tom.

My brother Bill, Carroll ex-'29, is a corporal in the Engineers now at Camp Sutton, N. C., and is awaiting orders.

My best regards to all, particularly Fathers Pickel, Murphy and Kiefer.

Capt. David J. Dugan, M.C.,
Walter Reed General Hosp.,
Washington 12, D. C.

Highest Carroll Rank

Colonel Paul E. Keller has the distinction of holding the highest rank of Carroll Men in Service. At the present time, he is Deputy Service Command Surgeon and Chief of Professional Section of the 9th Service Command at Fort Douglas, Utah.

Colonel Keller graduated from Carroll in '24, and after receiving his "M.D." from St. Louis Medical School, entered the Army in 1928. He was stationed at Sternberg General Hospital in the Philippines in 1935. Next he was Chief of Medical Staff at Ft. Ord, California. In 1942, he was Commandant at Ft. Douglas. A tubercular specialist, Colonel Keller is a Fellow in the American College of Chest Physicians and Associate of the American College of Physicians, and a Fellow in the American Medical Association.



Colonel Paul E. Keller

Pfc. William Patterson:

Over here in Italy I've been able to see a lot of places that I've read about in school. I was able to see most of the places described in the Aeneid, though I wish I could have spent more time at these places. Quite a while back some of us fellows had the chance to climb Mt. Vesuvius and to see old Pompei. Pompei was the more interesting. The Romans certainly knew how to plan their cities and homes. Of everything I saw there I liked the baths best of all. Here they were able to take hot and cold baths, take rubdowns. If they cared to eat or read there were facilities for these. It was more a real public social center than anything I've seen. More public opinions must have been formed there than in their forum. What I'd really like to see is Monte Cassino, and after that the Vatican City at Rome. I sure would like it if things pick up. Right now one feels in the dumps because hardly anything is moving here. If things keep moving, one feels a lot better and begins to think the mess will be over some day.

Pfc. William Patterson,
202nd M.P. Co.—A.P.O. 302,
c/o Postmaster, New York,
N. Y.

Lt. Fred Fanelly:

Received the March issue of the *Carroll News* and was awfully glad to receive it as always. It is very interesting to me for I always find an address of one of my old college buddies in it.

In this issue I was attracted to the two articles which dealt with the bombing of the Abbey. Well, I can say that I was one of the Navy soldiers who got the real facts on that bombing. First of all, our battery in position was under direct observation of the monastery, and secondly, we could also see it as plain as could be. At night we could see the flashes of Screaming Meemies coming out of the Abbey—our observers from our battery was on the hill behind it and was penned in his hole for 36 hours by enemy machine gun and small arms fire from the Abbey. One of our officers was seriously injured because of the observation the enemy had from the Abbey. He was injured and the party with him slightly injured while attempting to climb a hill to the right of the Abbey. This also came directly from the Abbey.

Two days before the bombing our battery was one of the few and among the first to shoot propaganda leaflets above the Abbey telling all occupants to leave the place for we had found it necessary to bomb and shell it. When the bombing came our battery fired air bursts over

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MARRIAGES

Miss Theresa F. Vaccaronotti to John P. Iammarino, on May 27, in Holy Rosary Church.

Miss Vita Horvath to Ens. John E. Rozance, on July 1, in St. Vitus Church.

Miss Gwendolyn Nicholas of Somerdale, Ohio, to Sgt. Armand Angelo, on August 27, 1943, at Sacramento, Cal.

Miss Marilyn M. Fitzgerald to Lt. (j.g.) Robert V. Gardner, U.S.N.R., on June 6, in Gesu Church.



Miss Rosemary Kippes to Ens. Albert Francesconi, U.S.N.R., on June 3, in St. Sebastian Church, Akron.

BIRTHS

A daughter, Margaret Mary, to Lt. and Mrs. William J. Scharf, on May 16.

A son was born to Joseph Powers, 196 East Jackson St., Painesville, Ohio, on the 12th of June. The baby was named Martin.

Ed. Note: Engagements, etc. are not valid unless reported in the Carroll News.

the Abbey at Germans (approximately 150, as reported by our Forward Obs.) who were seen racing from the Monastery. This should dispel any doubt that the German were using the place as a fortification. After our division was relieved from the Cassino front I paid a visit to the hospital for another and final check on my leg that was injured at the start of the campaign. While at the hospital I saw and spoke to many of the infantry men there, and they all agreed that the bombing and shelling had to be or they would have been completely annihilated sooner or later. No one knows better than the doughfeet who were within 500 yards of the Abbey at all times before and after the bombing.

1st Lt. F. L. Fanelly,
Battery C, 175th F.A.,
A.P.O. 34 — c/o Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.

Lt. William L. Deckman:

I've recently heard from Mike Dwyer and Jonas Moran in the South Pacific. Jonas is in the M.P.'s now, and I'll bet two to one he's directing traffic with a thick brogue on some island! Mike is still in the 148th Infantry Band.

Lt. William L. Deckman,
1st Trans Zone,
80 Boylston Street,
Boston, Mass.

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Pvt. Angelo Consolo:

It sure was a grand surprise to find the *Carroll News* in my mail a few days ago. I sort of reminisced through the pages and once again lived the old schooldays with Johnny and the rest of the gang. I'll bet you were surprised to learn that I'm now in Italy. I once expected to make this trip some day, but of course under completely different circumstances. Sunny Italy? — bah! it's disgusting! The sun and weather in general are as uncertain as a hiccough. Nevertheless, I must admit that when the sun is shining in this vicinity there is no place that can compare with the beauty that is magnified in the valleys surrounding us. It is indeed very picturesque to see the layout of the land from the mountain heights above. The valley below looks almost like mom's bed quilt with its squared-off patches interspersed with a variety of beautiful colors. Most of the towns and villages are built upon mountain slopes which command the view of the valleys below. . . . Incidentally, the wine in this country is terrible. It seems that the Germans stole all the good wine when they were here. Occasionally we do get hold of some good wine, but only through the shrewdness of a pal of mine who can speak Italian fluently. . . . There is so much more to write about, but the censor and time will not permit me to do so. I hope that you will pray to God for me and for the rest of the gang that this mess will end soon.

Pvt. Angelo Consolo,
Btry B — 687th F.A. Bn.,
A.P.O. 464 — c/o Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.

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. . . . Alumni Notes

Lt. Robert J. Horan was home on furlough recently from Hondo Air Field, Texas. Having completed a 15-month training period, Bob ranks as a navigator.

Lt. Leona M. Alic reported for duty on June 1 at Billings General Hospital, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

Robert Schneeberger, John Malloy, and Ens. Paul Flaherty visited the school recently.

Ensigns Charles Stern and Robert McKee, who were in C.P.A. training here, are now going to Norfolk, Virginia. Both boys visited recently.

Ray J. Kingsbury received his wings on May 26 and was commissioned an ensign in N.A.C., Pensacola, Florida.

Lt. William J. Kane, navigator on a B-17, had completed four missions on May 9.

S/Sgt. Frank Durica, who has spent two years in Alaska, was home on furlough in February. He is working in the Finance Section, making out payrolls.

Lt. Francis E. Jaksic is now in Corsica. He was laid up in a hospital in Italy for a month, but has now recovered. He is doing navigation work.

Cpl. John J. Hennessy is in officers candidate school, Red Bank, N. J.

S/Sgt. Paul C. Kern, instructor in radio at Fort Monmouth, was recently home on furlough.

Cpl. Merion B. Koxuecki, of the medical corps, is in the line of fighting in Burma, India.

S/Sgt. Warner R. Ahlman was home on furlough recently, and has now gone to Panama.

S/Sgt. Robert M. Dickey was recently promoted from the grade of sergeant at Westover Field, Massachusetts, where he is on duty as a radio operator on a bomber.

Lt. and Mrs. John Dowling stopped in recently to say hello.

Lt. John J. Hanley was home for 31 days in May.

Lt. Robert J. Coyne, now in Ft. Worth, Texas, has been soloing in a bomber.

Capt. William J. Courtney, who took part in the Italian and African campaigns, is now at Ft. Hayes and will be reclassified in six months.

Ens. Jack J. Leslie visited the school recently. He is going to Mine Training School.

Richard R. Paskert was graduated on May 23 from the Lubbock Army Air Field, Lubbock, Texas.

Lawrence E. Kipp graduated from the Great Lakes Naval Training Center as honor man of his company, having been selected by his company commander on the basis of military aptitude and progress.

Letters To The Editor . . .

Pfc. Charles Sheboy: Thanks a million for remembering one of the fellows; the *News* is a welcome sight. Lt. Col. John P. Geiger: You are to be congratulated on putting out such a fine magazine. Lt. Peter Mesner: It's even better than a trip to the old place itself; the only link I have with the "glorious past"—my four years at Carroll. Av/C Richard Paskert: Keep it on the press and keep it coming. Joseph J. Sepkoski: Congratulations to the entire staff on the great job you are doing. Raymond R. Lohman: Thanks a million and keep it up. Sgt. Bert J. Gesing: Hope you'll keep up the good work. Pfc. Michael G. Gaughan: The *Carroll News* helps to keep alive that feeling of friendship toward the school. Lt. (j.g.) Jack Ennen: The masterful manner in which you have welded the Carroll of today with the Carroll of yesterday deserves a citation. Capt. J. F. Hocht: I've received two issues of the *Carroll News* here in New Guinea and enjoyed them immensely. Charles G. Morrison: Here's success to the *News*; thanks for your kindness in remembering me. Lt. F. C. Soltesz: The *Carroll News* is really going places, especially with the men in the armed forces. . . . It's tops from cover to cover. Lt. Robert E. Nolan: Really, the *Carroll News* is a splendid magazine. William A. Monroe, Y2/c: I don't want to miss even one issue of the *Carroll News*. Pfc. John Monroe: I find it very interesting to read about the fellows who were in class with me. Pvt. James N. Jenkins: Receiving the *Carroll News* keeps alive many memories. Cpl. Nicholas R. Barille: The *Carroll News* offers the most interesting reading material which is available to me. Gordon Fahey: Certainly agree with the fellows who write expressing their appreciation of the change in the type of edition, a gem among its fellow publications. Lt. Henry J. Krebs: Enjoy the *Carroll News* and read it from cover to cover. Cpl. Bill Sewell: Thank you again for your publication, and the interest given to former Carroll men. A. J. Iammarino, PhM 1/c: My pleasure in reading these issues cannot be expressed in words.

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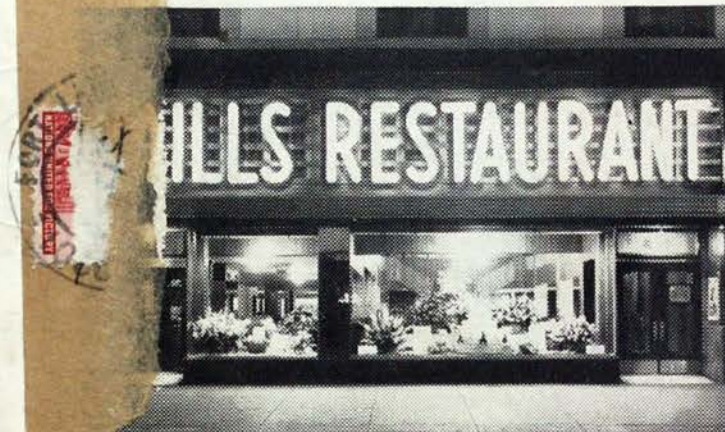
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